

MARCH.

THE

# MANIFESTO.

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VOI. XVIII.

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"Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children  
of God."—Matt. v., 9.

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CANTERBURY, N. H.

1888.

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# The Manifesto.

VOL. XVIII.

MARCH, 1888.

No. 3.

The Gospel Testimony of Mother Ann  
Lee and the Elders, William Lee and  
James Whittaker.

No. 24.

*Published expressly for the several Commu-  
nities of Believers in 1816. Re-written by  
Henry C. Blinn.*

Mother Ann and the Elders arrested  
and tried before a court of Justices.

THE board of justices met in the church at Richmond. It consisted of Samuel Brown, J. Woodbridge and James Gates. These judges were to try Mother Ann and her little company upon the charge of blasphemy and disorderly conduct. Many evidences were produced against them, and readily heard, but few witnesses that were brought forward in their defense could scarcely obtain a hearing. The riotous and abusive conduct of the mob, which created the disorder, was by a strange perversion of coincidences, charged upon the Believers.

This was a manifestation of the spirit that governed this court. To prove the charge of blasphemy, it was testified that Samuel Fitch had declared that, "In Mother Ann dwells the fullness of the Godhead bodily." Samuel replied in his own defense, "We read in the

Scriptures that the fullness of the God-head dwelt in our Lord Jesus Christ bodily," and said he, "Except Christ be in you, ye are reprobates." The inference was at once perceived by the judges who found themselves unable to proceed with the charge, which must, in the issue, prove themselves reprobates.

Samuel then took the liberty to warn the judges as follows; "Take heed what you do to this Christian people, for they are God's anointed ones, whom he hath sent to America." This admonition was highly offensive to the judges, and they privately consulted what they should do with these Shakers. It was admitted that they appeared conscientious and acted upon religious principles, yet they deluded the people, and disturbed the inhabitants of the town, and they must be taken care of, or they would turn the world upside down.

After a long deliberation it was decided that Mother Ann and the Elders should be fined the sum of twenty dollars as disturbers of the peace, and then leave the state. The money was immediately advanced by the Brethren, so that they might be set at liberty; but as to leaving the state, they chose to obey God rather than man, and accordingly continued their labors among the people.

Samuel and Dyer Fitch and Elizar

Goodrich, being inhabitants of the town, were required to give bonds for their good behavior and for their appearance in the county court in Barrington.

These Brethren, however, insisted that they had not trespassed, but had a right to worship God in their own homes, without molestation. They could not consent to give bonds, as they might be charged by their adversaries, with breaking the peace whenever they attempted to worship God. They were therefore, committed to Barrington jail, to be tried by the county court.

Mother Ann and the Elders moved on to Hancock, and remained over the Sabbath with Nathan Goodrich. The assembly that came to the worship on the Sabbath was so large, that they were obliged to hold their religious services in three several places.

The gospel was preached by the Elders and others and the meetings were attended with manifestations of the holy Spirit. Some persons were present who "breathed out threatenings," but it fortunately ended wholly in words.

Mother Ann and the Elders now arranged to make a visit to the Brethren who had been committed to prison in Barrington. On reaching the place of their confinement they made this salutation, "We have come to see Christ in prison." The Elders remained two days, and ministered comfort to their Brethren in bonds, and then passed on to West Stockbridge, to the residence of Elijah Slosson. The whole family had accepted the faith of Believers, and at this time were very solicitous that the Elders should call and see them. They reached the place on Saturday and remained over the Sabbath. On this last day a religious service was held and

a large body of Believers attended. These came from New Lebanon and Hancock and other places. Many not of the faith were also in attendance, and listened attentively to the services.

On this day not less than two hundred persons were provided with food by Elijah's family, so that the Believers said, "The Lord blessed the family of Elijah, and all that pertained unto him." More than one hundred horses were turned into a field of seven acres and the grass was entirely eaten away. Elijah for this free will offering was made the jest of the neighbors who laughed at him, and then asked, "What will you do now, after the Shakers' horses have eaten up all your pasture?" "Trust in God," replied Elijah, and this trust brought the blessing to his family. His field was not, in the least, injured, and his prosperity was more abundant. The Believers were always made welcome to share in his hospitality, and if any poor person came to his door, he was never sent away without some aid in food or clothing.

On the next Sabbath the Elders were at the house of Nathan Goodrich and held a public service. A large company of Believers were present, and at the same time several men who were disturbers of the peace. The Elders spoke to this unruly class with an authority which they regarded, and falling into confusion among themselves, they drove off without creating any marked disturbance.

During the time that Mother Ann and the Elders continued in Richmond and Hancock, they were visited by many Believers, who were fed and nourished by the power and gifts of God, from their gospel Parents. A large share of

the time was spent in religious service and some one expressed it in these words, "We could hardly distinguish the days of the week, as every one seemed like the Sabbath."

While this company was rejoicing in the power of the resurrection, the spirit of opposition was not asleep. The preaching of the testimony of Jesus Christ produced a disturbance in the kingdom of darkness, and the sons of Belial were determined to redouble their efforts and drive the Believers out of the place by violence.

A mob collected on Friday, and came on like drunken madmen. Arriving at the house, they cried out, "Bring out those Europeans." Mother Ann and the Elders were now ordered to leave the place, and this was accompanied with threats and abusive language.

The Elders had arranged to go from the place the next day, and so informed the mob. Some reckless characters proposed to use violence, while others objected. This difference of opinion created confusion in their company, and the majority insisted that no violence should be used. The mob then dispersed and the Believers enjoyed the night in peace.

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#### MATERNAL SPIRIT.

ANNA WHITE.

OH, MOTHER! hear our earnest prayer;  
We look to thee for strength and care.  
Thou art our fortress and our stay,  
Thou art the Light, the Truth, the Way.  
Thou art the Bride arrayed in white;  
And revelation's perfect light  
Reveals to us that thou art She  
Who was, who is, and is to be.

Who was, when light from chaos sprang,  
And morning stars together sang;  
Who is the second Christ divine,  
The lily fair and blooming vine;  
The Heavenly Comforter in need,  
From whence all goodness doth proceed;  
And rich are we who share her love  
'Tis pure as nectar from above.

And thou art She who is to be  
Soul-centre of humanity;  
Above all other hills shall stand  
The scepter planted by thy hand,  
Where eagles thither shall be led  
To waters pure and living bread;  
For where the body pitch their tent,  
Exalted spirits oft are sent.

Such find just what their souls desire,  
The cleansing fount and furnace fire;  
These will refine from earthly dross,  
Make holy by a daily cross.  
Oh blessed Spirit! brood o'er earth,  
And teach man of the second birth,  
How he must die if life would win  
And heaven's kingdom enter in.

How all must suffer ere they reign  
Triumphant over sin and pain,  
And willing sacrifices make  
Ere they pure heavenly joys partake.  
Maternal Soul! to us most dear,  
Embrace thy children far and near;  
Our feet as pillars fast shall be  
Our hearts, made glad, rejoice in thee.

MT. Lebanon, N. Y.

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#### THE PREPARATORY WORK.

ALONZO G. HOLLISTER.

THE angels are deeply engaged in the preparatory work for the new Dispensation, operating in the spirit and power of Elijah, who is the Lord's messenger going before; turning the hearts of the fathers to draw the children, and the hearts of the children to the righteousness of the fathers, which causes a revival of the spirit of obedience to the light of the closing Dispensation, as a



prelude to the one about to enter. The preparatory work, is like the twilight that precedes the dawn of day.

John the Baptist was the most noted visible agent in this work at the time of Christ's first appearing. The Society of James and Jane Wardley stood in the same relation to his second appearing. But as the final harvest of the world has commenced, and the field is very extensive, embracing all conditions, classes and nations of people, and as Christ's coming is still future to all who have not received him, the preparatory spirit is not limited to one time or locality, but continues to operate in such places and with such persons as are nearest ripe for the harvest work, and will thus continue to the consummation.

It may be likened to preparing the earth in the Spring to receive seed. Until Christ, the Divine seedsman, appears (in his witnesses,) the seed of "the Kingdom" cannot be sown. Or it may be likened to clearing the ground of rubbish, preparatory to founding a building, which cannot be erected in the Order of the New Dispensation, until Christ the builder, or architect, appears to direct. Therefore if souls commence to build in this light, and cease to look forward to that increasing and perfect work which it preludes, they will either fail and fall into a darker state than whence they rose; or if they succeed in forming a system, become a dead body in the streets of mystic Babylon, and the result be the same. For if it be inconsistent to expect for a system established in the greatest light and power of the first Christian Dispensation, a better fate than that of the Primitive Church, which was supplanted by mystic Babylon, what should be expected of a sys-

tem formed near its close, after its succeeding dispensation has commenced.

The call now issues, "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." Therefore to persist in sinning after hearing the warning, is to cleave to the plagues of old Babylon. Hence, sincere seekers must advance by the light and call of the spirit into increasing self-denial; a criterion taken in connection with its fruits, by which the salvation work may be certainly known. For as the flesh is lawless, and ever contrary to the Spirit, so the work of God is necessarily, ever opposed to man's carnal will, and eventually undermines and destroys all pride and vain glory. Yet it leaves the volitions free. "Souls shall be willing in the day of my Power," and "The willing and obedient, shall eat the good of the land."

If there should appear to be a cessation of the work, let none turn aside from the way—there was half an hour's silence in heaven while the trumpet angels were preparing to sound—and they who wait upon the Lord are promised renewed strength. For unto you that revere his name, and watch and work for his coming, shall the sons and daughters of righteousness arise with healing in their wings; to comfort the mourner, and bind up the broken hearted who sigh for the reign of God to commence, and continue evermore.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

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WHAT the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables, and building thrones for magnates, and sculpturing warriors.—*Messenger of Peace.*



## DREAMING AND DRIFTING.

CECELIA DEYER.

AFTER so many years of silence, if I come knocking at the door of "The Manifesto" will I be admitted to talk a little while with dear spiritual kindred?

They need not fear that I have any stray, morbid, or even metaphysical notions to communicate, for I would say to my fellow travelers that of all people, Believers have the least to do with the vague and ambiguous. The Gospel is God's perfect plan; but, have we not all seen the shining mists that cover the rocks where many a noble and rudderless barque has foundered? Our Elders with untiring and unflinching bravery, bear their powerful testimony against the very nature of sin; against waywardness and alluring imagination, that would lead from duty and from safety. They know what it is to receive ingratitude for this devotion. My soul is bowed in pain and unutterable sorrow, when I think how easy it is for the heart to "give heed to lying vanities and forsake its own mercies." If any of us transgress a law, we expect to pay the penalty, but they who are called to be the High Priests and Priestesses—the Saviors—must suffer where they have not sinned. Surely, God has some great compensation for this inexorable law, that takes effect upon all who would benefit our race.

There is a perverseness in humanity that thwarts the good. Looking down the history of the world, we can see where the Gift of Revelation descended to the simple and sincere, and for a time the work of redemption progressed;—"But hearts fell off that ought to twine,

And man profaned what God had given,  
Till some were heard to curse the shrine  
Where others knelt to heaven."

But they who cursed did not always cease to kneel. They might not always be seeking evil, but they found it. They at least failed to achieve the designs of God, or they turned from the grand, straight road of truth, into the flowery vistas of vain philosophy, that led down to the unknown sea where their hopes were wrecked on the shores of infidelity and sensuality.

Their sweet spiritual aspirations were no more. The seductive influence like a perfume laden miasma, had taken the hearts that once drew life from heaven; they settled into ease and said, "There is no evil. All is peace and joy. Behold the sun shines, the dew and the refreshing showers descend." And so they did. But the roots of bitterness, the thorns, the thistles and the poisonous vines came up, and desolation was there. This we have seen over and over again in the past. Oh! shall we see it in the future? Will we demand that our leaders shall "cry *Peace* where there is no peace?"—that they shall nurture the seeds of disintegration wherever sown, and daub with untempered mortar the structures that a self-pleasing nature would try to erect on the sand? Shall the messengers shrink from delivering the Word because it is strong and has the power of salvation in it? Shall the captains of the hundreds or of the fifties go forward timidly because there are giants in the way; battles to fight; furnaces of affliction or cleansing floods to pass through? God forbid; and may the faith in our own hearts forbid it also. True leaders of the armies of the Lord do not waver in

duty through fear, favor or affection. An influx from the unseen world comes to help them with the honest, however feeble, while trembling and confusion are sent upon the hypocrite, however bold.

Zion is the last hope of the world. Her foundations were laid in tribulation. Her altars were built in the agony of prayer and sacrifice, and the fires of heaven lighted them. *There* must we take our all, and feel the fire, the blessed fire. *There* we can hear the voices parental from over the Mercy Seat,—voices of love that will sustain, voices of thunder that will shake not only our deeds, but the intents of our hearts. How are we awed by the magnificence of the work of God in its power, when the tempests of heaven come down to our souls to break the dry branches, and purify the atmosphere; when the brightest and best of our number press for more glory, being far from thinking that it is all attained! There is no room for an old Believer or far traveled sense. The gift of repentance is a boon to be shared by the most advanced, as well as by the least of the household. The weak can make new resolves and take courage, while the strong are inspired, and all like students seeking mundane knowledge, can feel that whatever is gained or not gained, great is the wealth that lies before. Then when the Divine approval comes, it is love, and balm, and sunshine that brings growth, such as the skies of June bring to the earth. From the depths of our souls we may be thankful for the flaming sword that is raised against the flesh by the few witnesses for God. What minister or public teacher—who is not lost in its deprav-

ity—does not see its hideousness; yet they must all preach smooth things, or if they venture beyond the prescribed limits, it is only to urge that the blight shall blossom. As well put a putrid carcass into a bed of white lilies expecting to have it change to life and beauty, as to seek to mingle generation with the purity that belongs to the resurrection heavens.

Are we not all children when we stand before the Ages, and before the work that Almighty God has for the soul? Even they who have anchors are not secure in gliding on the dark current; and the young in faith should turn from the sight of its treacherous waters, that we may all make a safe journey and that none may be lost through dreaming and drifting away from the heart given protection of our faithful guides.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

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### THE CHRISTIAN.

JOSEPH WOODS.

"ALL the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God." Isa. lii., 10. There is a great diversity among mankind, as to what the salvation of God is. Some regard the word of Jesus as a hard saying. "Be ye, therefore, perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Matt. v., 48. They take the same course the man did unto whom was committed one talent. Others believe that they can sow to the flesh and not reap corruption, although the apostle has said, "Be not deceived. God is not mocked. What a man soweth, that shall he also reap. If he sow to the flesh he shall reap corruption, but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

Some who are enemies of the cross of Christ profess to believe that they can avoid reaping what they sow. They sow through the merits of Jesus, and their greatest desire is not to be saved from sin, but from the punishment due the sinner. This class profess to believe in the blood of Jesus. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," John. i., 7. The blood is the life that he taught and lived. Except a man deny himself daily, and take up his cross and follow me, he cannot be my disciple. I have overcome the world.

What constitutes the world? The works of the first Adam find no admittance. It was said of Jesus, He shall save his people from their sins. This is plain to be understood. "If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Any professedly religious order whose principles and religious tenets if lived to, strictly, do not save its adherents from sin, it is good evidence that their order is not of Christ, for in his order, he saves his people from their sins. The apostle says, "For as much then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind, for he that hath suffered in the flesh, hath ceased from sin."

If we would be partakers of his salvation, we must be partakers of his sufferings, in deed and in truth. The Lord has promised that there should be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness, which would be in its fulfillment the antitype of what was required of the Jews under the Levitical

Law, whereby they in obedience thereto were accepted of God according to their day and time. Paul says, These all died in faith not having received the promises, but were persuaded of them and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. St. Paul says those laws made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope, did, whereby we draw nigh unto God.

Sin is all that separates the soul from God. He promised to give his people the valley of Achor for a door of hope. Achan had stolen and dissembled. Joshua stood as the representative of God, to the people, though not of the order of the priesthood. He said unto Achan, "Give glory to the Lord God of Israel and make confession, and tell me what thou hast done." By the law, the penalty of such an offence was death. Joshua said, "Why hast thou troubled us? The Lord shall trouble thee." They brought Achan and his household into the valley, and all Israel stoned them to death. Achan was a type of the man of sin. Then shall that wicked be revealed whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth and destroy with the brightness of his coming. "He that covereth his sins, shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." "Confess your faults one to another and pray for one another that ye may be healed."

But, says the objector, I confess my sins to God, alone. This, however, does not agree with the type, wherein the valley of Achor was to be a door of hope. Who could reasonably suppose they could cover or hide anything from God, before whom all worlds, all created things, all thoughts, words and actions are open to view.

"There went out unto John all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem and were baptised of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." Jesus came also, and was baptised of John, in Jordan, and at the same time he received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. John said of him. "He that cometh after me, is mightier than I; he shall baptise you with the Holy Spirit and with fire." This is the antitype of the former baptism, as the Revelator saw it. The river of Judgment, "Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Agreeing with the vision of Ezekiel; the risen water which no man might pass over.

In the Pentecostal Day, many that believed came and confessed and showed their deeds, and the apostle says, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The confession of sin, before the apostles, was the first step to take to gain admission into the Pentecostal Church.

The Lord had said, by the prophet, that he would stain the pride of all glory of man, and bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth. "If ye through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." It would seem that God had designed, from the time the Law of confession was given to the Israelites, that it should restrain them through mortification and sacrifice, from evil and lead them by the eye of faith, to look forward to the gospel day, wherein they would be required, as Jesus said, to forsake all they had, even their own generative lives also.

*Canterbury, N. H.*

TRUTH with its good effects lives ever in the honest heart.—A. I. Baker.

#### O MY GOD! WHY SO!

GILES B. AVERY.

WOUNDED and bleeding as I lay,—  
Feeling at every nerve;  
O tell me, O my God, I pray,  
For what I this deserve.  
Chastened, my book of life I ope,  
And read its record o'er;  
Counting the beacons of my hope,  
Now fled, forevermore.

And ask, O God of love, I pray,  
Why, why this want of trust?  
Why, why so many pangs I feel,  
So piercing, so unjust!  
A voice, a softly answer gave,  
I list to catch the sound;  
Shall He who came mankind to save,  
Be scored with paining wounds.

That he might feel for others woes,  
And thus obedience learn;  
And show us whence the fountain flows  
That caused his soul to burn  
With love, the wounded soul to heal  
The lost to seek and save.  
And we yet never, never feel  
The life the Savior gave?

'Tis only nerves that have been touched,  
That ever learn to feel;  
'Tis such, ah such, and only such,  
God's mercies can reveal.  
Then let me meekly bear the rod  
Tho' wounded sorely still;  
Since all its stripes are healed of God,  
In souls who do his will.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

#### SPRING TIME.

New life for earth, new life for me,—  
No more let Wint'ry thoughts be mine,  
But ever rising till made free  
To live the life that is divine.

New life in kindness, love and care,  
And joy in every living thing,  
New courage to resist and bear  
Till I the victor's song can sing.—M. W.

JOIN humility with virtue.

## SPRING.

WATSON ANDREWS.

THERE's life in every lovely flower,  
 There's life in every breeze.  
 There's life among the verdure bright  
 That glitters on the trees.  
 There's sunny light in golden waves  
 And balmy fragrant air,  
 That clothes the Spring in loveliness,  
 Most beautiful and fair.  
 Then how delightful now to think  
 On that celestial sphere,  
 Where ceaseless sunshines ever glow  
 In one eternal year. [ripe,  
 Where flowers are bright and fruits are  
 And birds forever sing;  
 Where all is joy and love and life  
 In one eternal Spring.  
*North Union, Ohio.*

## QUERIES.

SARAH F. WILSON.

WHAT the record of the year?  
 Past, yet fresh in memory;  
 As is present hope or fear  
 Or the joys of yesterday.

Where the hearts by thee sustained  
 Who would ask a blessing thine?  
 Where the souls thy voice hath gained  
 To a love for truths divine?

Where the needy ones supplied  
 From the treasures of thy mind?  
 Should they ask for mercies wide  
 Would they sweet forgiveness find?

Like the Good Samaritan  
 Hast thou sought out the oppressed?  
 Or hast given oil and balm  
 To relieve the sore distressed?

Can there rise from out the throng  
 Surging through life's crowded street,  
 One to say,— "From paths of wrong  
 Thou hast turned my wayward feet."

This the mission of the Christ  
 Succor for the suffering;  
 Balm and comfort to impart  
 Asking not, but ministr'ing.

Thus the queries thick and fast  
 'Fore my mental vision rise;  
 Chide they solemnly the past  
 Yet, they're blessings in disguise.  
*Canterbury, N. H.*

## AGE OF REVELATION AND REASON.

JASON B. POOL.

REVELATION is given to lead and direct where reason and experience in humanity fail. Hence it becomes necessary to distinguish between true and false revelation. When the Dutch traveler revealed to the King of Siam that at certain seasons of the year the rivers and lakes in Germany became so hard that an elephant could in safety walk over them, the king would not believe in the revelation but banished the traveler from his presence.

In this case the king had no means of distinguishing between true and false revelation; and as frozen water was a condition contrary to his uniform experience, the king rejected the revelation as false. Suppose the king with all his subjects had been suddenly removed to New England in the month of June; he would still believe that water would always remain a liquid.

We will now suppose that it should be revealed to the king or one of his subjects by a spirit that soon the country would be bound in the adamantine chains of the frost king and that it was necessary for the people to prepare for such a state of things by making garments of fur and also they must lay up a good store of provisions for the dearth of Winter. In a natural condition it would be impossible for the people to put any confidence in the revelation and therefore it would be necessary that

some state or condition should be brought upon the people by which they would be forced to believe. I take the impression that whenever God or the spirit world sends a revelation to the people, an inspired feeling is made to rest on the people which causes them to believe.

The sacred Scriptures have been believed in for many centuries and there is some cause for the belief. Now the question arises what is the cause of this belief. The materialists try to make out that the priests have duped the people to believe in the Bible, but a careful investigation of the nature of humanity will convince any reasonable mind that scriptural faith could not have been derived from that source. Men naturally are not prone to believe in the Bible and if they had been left wholly to themselves it would have been out of date long ago. There evidently has been an inspired feeling among the people for ages which has given the impression that the book is an inspired work.

The Bible contains much that is incomprehensible to man and consequently some have tried to make out that it is a nonsensical man-made-work and not to be respected. Such become as "sounding brass and a tinkling symbol." Others again have endeavored to explain the mysterious parts of the scriptures; these also as a general thing are as sounding brass. Leaders of churches who have been making deductions outside of inspiration in regard to the Bible are likewise like "sounding brass and tinkling symbols."

As revelation is founded on reason which is higher than human reason or what human reason has been, there must be an intelligence in the spirit

world far greater than what can be found among mortals. Human reason is of a progressive nature and man has been growing in his powers of comprehension ever since his advent on earth. Perhaps he has arrived at a stage in which he can see quite clearly in regard to spiritual matters but it is not his province to make deductions unless he feels called on to do so.

It is an easy matter for many a one to feel competent to make deductions in regard to spiritualism and the Bible, but he is not to be the judge. The case has got to be decided by a superior intelligence. It has been observed that when God has a great work for any one to do He gives him a peculiar training for that work and that training is what no earthly friend would choose for him, and it is sometimes so long continued that there would seem to be but little time left for work.

As all God's works are progressive—commencing small and growing larger—so with respect to the individual who is called to commence the work of making deductions: he will not be much of a demonstrator, he will deal largely in hypothesis and theories but demonstrators will follow in his wake.

*Hancock, Mass.*

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**IN MEMORIAM.**  
**SISTER RUTH BROWN.**

—  
**OLIVER C. HAMPTON.**  
—

ONCE more in the annals of time  
A Sister has taken her flight,  
And risen to regions sublime,  
To glories eternally bright:  
Devoted for eighty long years  
To piety, purity, peace,  
She shakes hands with Earth and its cares,  
And basks in a blessed release.



The peace-maker's precious reward  
 Our Sister most faithfully gained,  
 And blessing and love from her Lord  
 Throughout her long life she retained.  
 Her patience and mercy and love  
 All envy and slander forbade,  
 And what greater gift from above;  
 From Heaven's rich store can be had.

Of industry, prudence and care  
 No one could possess greater store,  
 No self-sacrifice did she spare  
 To aid Zion's cause evermore,  
 O could we such zeal emulate  
 Who still in mortality grope,  
 How happy would be our estate,  
 How bright the fruitions of Hope.

Time presses with tireless wing  
 Toward solemn Eternity's shore,  
 But Death is deprived of his sting,  
 And the grave is in victory no more.  
 With those who in good works and faith,  
 And self-abnegation will walk,  
 And shun every self-seeking path,  
 And keep with the good Shepherd's flock.

O Brethren and Sisters attend  
 To comfort each other prepare,  
 As steadily friend after friend  
 In sorrow we're fated to spare.  
 Be tender of those who have borne  
 The burden and heat of the day,  
 Their kindness and zeal to return,  
 And brighten their fugitive stay.

We'll harvest the treasures of time  
 Whatever may stand us instead,  
 When ready to soar to a holier clime  
 And sealed with the quick and the dead.  
 Improve in all virtue and love,  
 In charity always abound,  
 Professions by practice to prove,  
 As the wheels of existence go round.

O then shall the dayspring appear,  
 The Heralds descend from on High,  
 The needy in Zion to cheer  
 And brighten our spiritual sky.  
 O Angels of Heaven draw near  
 Ye Heavenly Harvesters come,  
 Our Spirits for Heaven prepare,  
 And lead us triumphantly Home.  
*Union Village, Ohio.*

### TRIBUTE.

*To the Memory of Brother  
 MARCUS GREGORY.*

MARY JOHNSTON.

*"He giveth his beloved sleep."*

At a few weeks journey of the New Year,  
 just as dawn was approaching and the sun  
 gleamed over the hill-tops, with a radiant  
 smile to the snow clad earth, a pure spir-  
 it awakened in the glory of its Eternal Home.  
 What a releasement from all physical suffer-  
 ing, from the agonizing pain and torture of a  
 diseased body, for of late years our dear  
 brother was a great sufferer; but at all times  
 bore his affliction with marked patience and  
 resignation. He bore evidence of a living  
 faith, founded on the Rock which wrought  
 "peace, patience, experience and hope."  
 Hope that he would soon traverse the golden  
 portals of heaven, where sorrow, sickness,  
 pain and death are unknown. We believe  
 that his hopes are at last realized, and that  
 he is mingling with that innumerable host  
 that have washed their robes in the blood of  
 the Lamb.

Our beloved Brother, Marcus Gregory,  
 was born in Shelby Co., Ky. (see page 72.)

His parents united with the Society of Believers of Pleasant Hill in 1813, with eight children; all of whom remained steadfast to their first faith except one. Pleasant Hill was not much more than a wilderness then, and many years of toil and severe hardships passed before its beautiful and substantial buildings arose. Through all those years of hardships, when he was blest with youth and health, the world's brightest prospects and gilded charms beckoned to him, and the siren voice tempted, yet he kept the even tenor of his way. Like adamant rock he withstood the Summer's heat and Winter's chilling blast. His feet were shod with the gospel of peace. He was armed with the shield of faith, wherewith he was able to parry the fiery darts of the wicked, and with the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit. Clad in this holy armor he went forth with his trust in God and "pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He was quiet and reserved, but always had a smile and pleasant word



for every one. Faithful in every duty until disease and infirmity could no longer be resisted. Without any reserve he consecrated his time, and his talents, his body and soul to the great God that discerneth the intentions and motives of the heart. O! may we all be wise and strive to imitate this shining example and "scatter the roses instead of the brier."

After his long life of usefulness he was ready to say in truth, "I am now ready to be offered up. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Go, worthy veteran go! and reap the fruits of thy labors, and receive thy glorious crown of life.

Dear Father, we miss thee from our midst, most deeply; and how sad our hearts, as we bid adieu to the last of our early Fathers of Pleasant Hill, and in our sorrow we fain would bring thee back; but we know that thou art happy, thy journey over and safe home at last! We feel that the heavens are re-echoing the glad some welcome.

"Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

*Pleasant Hill, Ky.*

PLEASANT HILL, KY., JAN. 1888.

TO EDITOR OF MANIFESTO;—This verse is taken from the 1st chapter of the Gospel of John and the 14th verse, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." This I could never understand. I have read many an explanation but none seemed to satisfy my mind. How did the Word become flesh? How did it dwell among us?

How did we behold its glory, as the only begotten full of grace and truth? It seems to be the word sent by the Angel to the Virgin Mary, that produced

the Holy Son of God, as he was the first born in the new creation. He was also the first one that preached the new birth. If he had been conceived in sin like the rest, how could he then preach the Kingdom of God?

It has never been seen or heard that any one could preach the Gospel without being born of the living word of God.

Christ was the true living seed of the kingdom or new heaven. Any one that is born of the same seed he can both live and preach the new birth, and he could no more commit sin than Jesus could, because the seed of God remaineth in him. And he loves God above all, and his fellow man as himself.

This is the fruit that appears in Jesus Christ, and the same fruit appears in all his followers. So we behold the glory, and beauty of that holy seed produced wherever it finds good ground. It produces Holy men and women progressing from one glory to another.

Yours,  
LARS ERICKSON.

#### WHAT HATH THE STRUGGLE AVAILED!

CORA C. VINNEO.

My heart was weary with sadness,  
My hands were tired with toil,  
My eyes saw no sunshine of gladness,  
My feet trod on rough, sandy soil.  
I sat alone in my chamber,  
While thoughts dark and lonely assailed,  
And I put to myself this question,  
What good hath the struggle availed?  
What bliss hath it brought to my spirit?  
What clouds hath it chased far away?  
What reward do my toilings all merit?  
What gifts will my labors repay?  
As I sat alone in my chamber  
This answer o'er others prevailed,  
If any wise lesson's been taught thee,  
Thus far hath the struggle availed.

The gayest of hearts oft need sorrow,  
And tears that are holy must flow,  
But joy waits the glad coming morrow,  
And sunshine resplendent will glow.  
The hands that are weary with toiling,  
Though oft to the cross they are nailed,

[thee,  
Will accomplish some righteous deeds for  
Some good that thy works have availed

The darkness that rests on thy vision  
Comes only from shadows within;  
Lift up the thin veil, and the sunlight  
With the glory of peace will shine in.

The eye is the light of thy being,  
Keep its sight to God's blessing unveiled,  
And then thou wilt see that thy struggles  
Have many rich conquests availed.

Did you say that your feet walked the lonely  
And rough thorny pathway of woe?

There never was yet a road, only  
That grew thornless roses, you know.

If the goal of the blest is worth gaining,  
Why murmur at trifles you meet?

Why don the dark grave clothes of mourning  
Because the rough thorn pierce your  
[feet?

There is no royal road to progression,  
There is no starlit pathway to bliss,  
There are many rewards for true labor;  
But the sweetest are only in this;

Work *nobly* and *truly* for others, [failed,  
Though oft you have tried and have

Then, each diligent earnest endeavor  
Will *prove* what the strife hath availed.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

### TESTIMONY OF DANIEL MOSELEY.

BEING a well-wisher to the peace and happiness of all the human family, whom I consider as my Brethren and Sisters according to the order of nature in the old creation; and believing that the time is coming, and is now begun, in which every individual soul of all the human race, will be waked up by the resurrection power of God, and come forth to receive their reward, according to their works, either in mercy or judgment, as

they obey or disobey the will of God; I therefore feel it my duty to bear testimony to that blessed way of God which is dearer to me than life, and which I have proved by long experience to be the way of salvation from sin, having been thereby saved from the pollutions that are in the world, and in which mankind are sunk and lost from God, through the lusts of the flesh.

Some time in July, 1780, I went to Watervliet, to visit the little family of people who had then begun to be greatly "wondered at" by the world around them, on account of their strange religion. I went well guarded, as I supposed against deception, having already seen enough of that among professors, to put me on the watch. I had likewise experienced much of what is commonly called religion; having had great convictions of sin, and passed through many scenes of religious exercise of mind. In the fifteenth year of my age, I had joined a society of very zealous New-Light Baptists, and for six years had supported the name and character of a Christian without reproach or rebuke from the society, or from any other quarter except my own conscience. During this period, I had been sufficiently acquainted with people who made a great profession of religion, and who, I knew, lived in wickedness more than people in general who made no profession: and therefore I thought it necessary to be on my guard. But when I came there, I found my fears were groundless. I found as much difference between the professors I had formerly been acquainted with and these people, as to the nature of their religion, as there is between dead carcasses and living souls; and the power of their testimony differed as much from that of the

former, as flames of fire differ from the stagnant waters of a muddy pond. The fire soon began to burn my carnal nature, of which I was as full as a pine knot is of pitch, and I cried out like the prophet Malachi, "Who can abide the day of his coming?" I found that it was indeed, "like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap." I was searched like "Jerusalem, with candles," and all my dark works, which had before been hid from my own sight, were brought out of their secret hiding places, and exposed before the Lord and before the eyes of his people.

Lord what is man! A lump of pride, lust and vanity; for such I found myself in the light of divine truth, and exposed to view. The serpent was no longer able to hide; my pride was stained; my lust was mortified, my vanity was blown away like the smoke of a dunghill; and my good Christian name, which I had cherished so dearly, alas! it was like chaff before the wind, or a dry brush-heap before a flaming fire; it was consumed by the truth, and all my religious notions and imaginations were blown away at once. Then, for the first time, I began to understand the words of the prophet Isaiah: "The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day." And also of the prophet Malachi; "Behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, (whether professor or profane,) shall be as stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." Such was the spirit and power of that gospel which Mother Ann preached. It exalt-

ed the work of Christ alone, and swept away the corrupted religion of Antichrist, and the religious inventions of fallen man. The way being thus prepared, my soul began to be baptized into the spirit of the gospel, and to receive the pure and heavenly gifts of God. Then I was able to say in truth, and testify with confidence and boldness before all men, that I knew it to be the way of God; because it purged me from my sins. I knew it to be the power of the resurrection; because it raised my soul from the death of sin to a life of righteousness. I can say in the sincerity of my soul, I feel thankful to God that I have lived to see the day in which I have the privilege to testify these things for the benefit of my successors in the gospel, and of all honest enquirers after truth.

Some people who visited Mother Ann and the Elders, and heard their testimony against all sin, and especially against the lust of the flesh, went and spread a report that these people forbid to marry, and applied to them all the hard names and heavy charges contained in the first epistle to Timothy against apostates, Chap. iv., 1, 2, 3. Mother therefore told me not to go and report that they forbid to marry; "for," said she, "we do not. But all that cannot or will not take up their crosses for the Kingdom of Christ's sake, and that only, I would advise them to marry and live after the flesh, in a lawful manner, and be servants to their families: for that is natural, and less sinful in the sight of God than any other way of gratifying that nature." As to temperance, regularity and good order in the management of their affairs, these people exceeded all that I had ever seen. I was

brought up in New England, among good farmers; but such neatness and good economy as was here displayed in the wilderness I never saw before.

After spending two days with them, I returned home to Pittstown, where my parents lived, and I saw Mother no more till after her return from Poughkeepsie jail. I then visited her, and found the same godliness and purity, with an increasing testimony against all sin. I saw nothing but what was every way perfectly consistent with modesty and chastity; indeed quite too much so to suit the feelings of a carnal nature. This was the great *stumbling stone and rock of offence*, and the mighty cause of contention between "Michael and his angels, and the Dragon and his angels." I always found in her the same powerful testimony against all unrighteousness and every evil work; and a corresponding example of godliness and purity.

I also visited her in Harvard. Her appearance there seemed to me more heavenly than I had ever seen it before. Her soul was filled with love and joy, peace and purity; and the gifts and power of God, through her, to all that believed and took up their crosses, were ministered in great abundance. I was then but a babe in Christ; yet I had my little measure full, which raised me above the carnal delights of the flesh and the mind. I could never feel the least sensation of impurity from her; but all she said and did, seemed to come from a spirit of perfect purity. Her enrollment was with the Lamb on Mount Zion, where souls are redeemed "from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit."

TO BE CONTINUED.

RESPECT for legitimate authority shows self-respect.

[Contributed by A. F. Caril.]  
IN VAIN.

BY MAY MAURICE.

THOUGH our path be strewn with flowers,  
Bright and joyous all the hours,  
Crowned with honor and success,  
Rich in hope and happiness;  
If we never strive while here,  
Any darkened life to cheer,  
Never soothe one grief or pain,  
We shall live our life in vain.

Though our hearts with music thrill,  
Visions sweet our moments fill,  
Gifted with a poet's power  
To beguile the passing hour;  
If we sing no happy song,  
Wake no joy, and right no wrong,  
Draw none heavenward by our strain,  
We shall live our life in vain.

Though we gather wealth untold,  
Heaping up the shining gold,  
Though our wants are all supplied,  
Nothing we would ask denied;  
If we never from our store  
Feed the hungry, bless the poor,  
If the world share not our gain,  
We shall live our life in vain.

Through life's path we have a Guide.  
In whose love we may confide,  
And his foot-prints mark the way,  
So the feeblest need not stray;  
If we will not heed his voice,  
Making other paths our choice;  
If we shun the way so plain,  
We shall live our life in vain.

### JEALOUSY.

It is said "Jealousy is as cruel as the grave," but by further thought we see that in another sense, can it be thus compared. Jealousy is as sure a tomb for the soul, as is the grave for the body. No growth no life can enter the heart of those thus entombed, but buried in their mental dirt, they are disturbed only to be offensive to surroundings.

A. J. CALVER.

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## Editorial.

### OUR DUTY.

WE may not have so much to do with the opponents of religion, with those who delight in unrighteousness, and glory in their own shame, as we have with those who already name the name of Christ, as well as with those who have accepted a few degrees in morality and are moving along toward the place where man shall regard his fellow man.

The good prophet found those at his own home who had ears but would not hear and who had eyes but would not see. Does not this experience accord wonderfully well with our own? The truth, however, should be proclaimed by every consecrated messenger of our Father and Mother—God; and in doing this duty we should not fail to put on the whole armor of a pure Christian, lest in our zeal for others we carelessly expose ourselves to the wiles of the adversary.

There has been a time when the conversion of souls was made on heroic principles. They were felled to the

ground! They were dragooned to the baptismal fount at the point of the bayonet!! Men had forgotten that in an earlier age of the world it had been said in the name of the Lord, "Come now and let us reason together." No better form for the good of humanity could be advocated at the present time. Strong and even harsh words often fall quite short of their mark and the intended shock spends itself on the air.

There is a satisfaction in appealing to the better qualities of the mind, and for this the beatitudes are a beautiful example. "Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God." A relationship which we all covet and for which we devoutly pray. "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness," as they have the promise of full fruition in this inestimable blessing.

It can have but slight impression upon the true disciple to find that he has been denominated an ascetic, as unnatural or as being over religious. It has been the same story from age to age when referring to those who had forsaken the elements of the world and had accepted the cross of Christ. Let us "stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." Those who are able to walk in the glorious light of God's love are confident of the strength they possess. They entertain no fear of the frowns that may arise from personal prejudice, nor are they elated at the smiles of approbation.

If to be a Christian is to be a direct follower of the Christ, then we have only to make a careful, analytical investigation and ascertain the points of resemblance and then the points of diversity. Christians of every hue and shade are

not backward in asserting the advantages of the plan of salvation which they have accepted. Their cross is the cross of their Christ, and their worship the worship of their God.

All disputations on the subject, however, are indicative of dominant rights and are quite sure to end in confirmed self-righteousness, by both parties. A war of words is but a slight remove from a war of weapons. This seems to differ from the heavenly Spirit that so kindly recognized the baptized Jesus and which has said to us, "Hear ye him," and in turn Jesus has said as plainly and as kindly, "Follow me," "where I am there ye may be also."

There may be those who take the liberty to assert that our Christian form of life is unnatural, but they must at the same moment admit that the gospel of Jesus teaches a corresponding form to his followers. Jesus and his disciples thoroughly forsook the order of the worldly life and then organized one based on communistic principles. Everything passed from the selfish into the more open and free system of brotherly love. Houses and lands were sold and the proceeds placed in the treasury of the little, consecrated church of Christ where it could be used for the universal good.

It may seem to us to be a large sacrifice to part with our fraction of selfish interest, as it was, undoubtedly, to Peter when he left his boat and fishing net to follow the divine Teacher. His repining at a later date would give us the impression that he considered his sacrifice of some magnitude, as he takes the liberty to remind Jesus of this fact. "Behold we have forsaken all and followed thee, what shall we have therefore?" Jesus very kindly enumerates

the many temporal and spiritual blessings that would be certain to follow in accordance with the promise. Peter may not have realized at this time the advantages to be derived from the united efforts of the Brethren.

A longer experience, no doubt, afforded him all the information on this subject that could have been wished. And as with Peter so with all others who seek to become disciples of the Lord. Let them say, "Behold we have forsaken all and followed thee," and the time will not be very far distant before they will begin to realize the Lord's promise. They need not be afraid of the lo here and lo there as the manifestation of the spirit must be within one's own heart.

What our duty should be in this case bears no mystical form and the wise admonition of the apostle may have a salutary effect upon our daily life. "Ye are the children of light. Therefore let us not sleep, but let us who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breast plate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation."

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## Sanitary.

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**HYGIENE FOR SINGERS.**—Mme. L. Cappiani gives some hints in *The Voice* for lady singers which are valuable. She says: "Singing should be done without any exertion in the throat, even in the greatest dramatic climax."

Those singers who swell the throat and become red in the face at *For* passages cannot stand operatic work very long, as this is nothing else but an unnecessary muscular exertion counteracting the free development of force, and blurring and thickening the tones. The throat should not be expanded. It must be kept loose, in order that the vocal bands can resound without pressure;



which pressure simply hinders the circulation of the blood, thus injuring general health and causing red face and red throat, followed by exhaustion. Brutal muscular exertion can never produce the power as well as the refined tone required by the true artist. Fortissimo and Pianissimo should be made in the same manner, by sending more or less air through the vocal bands. The throat is but the tube in which these cords resound; the air from the lungs, touching them, brings forth tones or sounds like the Æolian harp. Who that has been in a storm at sea, can forget the wailing of the ship's rigging? A rope is mute in the hand; but at a ship's mast the wind develops vibrations, and the storm gives it a voice."—*Herald of Health*.

#### BOXING THE EARS.

THERE ought to be a statute in every state severely punishing this practice or rather an infliction of blows on the head, so common in families and schools of inferior grade. A recent investigation of medical records reveals fifty-one cases of serious injury to children from "boxing" or "cuffing" on the ear—in some cases chronic and ultimately resulting in fatal brain disease, deafness, insanity, etc. It would be impossible to discipline all offenders, but much might be done by special care in giving notice of the law and penalty through the newspapers and by circulars distributed by board of health inspectors, and by instructions to the police promptly to arrest parents or others seen cuffing children—as they may be seen at all hours of the day in certain regions of every city.—*Sanitary Era*.

THE DIET OF STRONG MEN.—THE Roman soldiers who built such wonderful roads, and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet, and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion, and water melon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives, yet he walks off with his load of

a hundred pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite of endurance.—*Scientific American*.

REMEDY FOR POISON BY IVY.—It seems to me that I read all kinds of cures for ivy poison except the right one. I have always endeavored to keep it before the public, but have failed. It is to dissolve sugar of lead—a bit the size of a hazlenut—in half a teacup of sweet milk or warm water. Apply as warm as can be easily borne with a soft, linty piece of linen rag. Three or four applications are sufficient to effect a cure. If the poison is on the face and nearing the eyes or mouth, this astringent wash may be constantly applied. It is a marvelous cure, and by watching closely one can see the fevered blisters turn from white to yellow during the application. This remedy for ivy poison should prevent a great deal of suffering. It is well where a member of a family is easily poisoned to keep sugar of lead in the house all the time. Let it be labeled and kept where it can be found the moment it is wanted. Keep it well wrapped up, that it may not lose its strength.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer*.

#### HOT BOILED MILK.

THERE is no better or healthier drink than hot or warm boiled milk. Even in the best hotels it is sometimes difficult to get boiled milk. In restaurants it is seldom given without a special order. In many private houses the article is practically unknown. In many houses where they pride themselves on their good coffee only cream is used in the mixture. Coffee with cream is delicious, and the lovely color it takes on as the thick yellow substance drops down into it is a joy forever. But it is, alas! indigestible. I believe that many of the people who have decided that they cannot take coffee would find themselves nourished and strengthened, without injury, by equal parts of well made strong coffee and hot boiled milk.—*Christian at Work*.



## SALVATION ARMY.

*From the letter of Gen. Moore, in the Christmas War Cry.*

SALVATION ARMY, it is for you to give the helping hand, and, like Jesus, we must go to and help them that do not want us. Some people may wait to be invited, but Jesus went without an invitation, though there were some God-fearing, devoted souls among the Jews who looked for the consolation of the coming *Messiah*, and there are devoted souls all over the land in the churches, and they are all praying God to send us along. They see, they feel the dreadful need. Sons, daughters, husbands and wives daily coming to death's door without a ray of hope.

Oh, for God's sake, for your own souls' sake, my comrades, look as God looks at these things. Think of these sin-bound slaves. We profess to believe that through the coming of our Jesus, who was born to work, God has put in our hands a lever that can hoist the sinner from the lowest depths of sin and woe. If this is so, and thank God it is, woe to you and me if we let friends, money, health or creature-comfort stay our hands. The blood of *brothers* dying daily in sin must indeed go up into the ears of Him who so loved the world as to lay down his life for it. Woe to you, woe to me if we use not this lever of *love* to take right down to the lowest pit in which humanity has sunk the glad tidings of deliverance.

Nowhere in the Bible are we told to open doors, and if the people will come and hear us, very well. But the voice cries louder to day, "Go! go! go! go!" Will you go, Major? will you go, Divisional Officer? will you go, Captains, Lieutenants, Cadets, fellow soldiers? Will you go to them in their homes, the saloons, the brothels, the gambling halls? We must have more "go." Heed not the soulless tongues that say people will not like it. Will you like it when the Savior points you to a sinner doomed to hell, and says, "That was your brother, lived in your town, worked in your mill. I gave you talents, I gave you pardon for the asking, but you never took him by the hand! Your warm tears of entreaty never fell on his cheek. That man

rode with you in the cars. You had covered up your salvation badges; you never spoke to him of his soul's danger: you smiled when the worldling used vile language. You simply said "no" when he asked you to drink with him that cursed stuff that ruined his mind and body. You never told him you had found the living water?"

[REMARKS. Although we have given to our readers, only a few of the good words that are found in the General's letter, we think this will show the burden of his mind, in regard to the cultivation of the religious element among men. We are not Salvationists, after the order of the ARMY, and could not do the work, in which they are engaged. It is not our gospel mission. It belongs to the Salvationists to do just what they are doing, and it seems right that they should do the work in that manner that affords the best spiritual satisfaction.

We can however, as much as wish them peace and prosperity in their self-denying work. We can do as much as to pray for them, that God in his merciful kindness, would guide and protect, as they march on their perilous journey. Some of us think it is a filthy act when a man throws his tobacco on the floor, of a dwelling, but what shall we say of men, belonging to a Christian nation who in their filthiness can throw their tobacco at those who are engaged in prayer? Indeed, we need the Salvationists. We need those determined, zealous soldiers to do that work and to present those truths of God which so many churchal Christians are ashamed to do. Ed.]

CHIVALRY is not confined to the relation of the sexes. It is a sentiment which should rightly inspire all who are highly favored in any respect toward those who are less fortunate.

[Contributed by C. J. Preter.]

## EXTRACTS FROM J. TIFFANY'S LECTURES.

THE difference between the religious formalist and the spiritual humanitarian is seen in this. The humanitarian works out his own and his fellow's salvation, by seeking to develop the elements of love, wisdom, and power in the soul; by practicing every moral, and social virtue; by obeying every truth; by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, educating the ignorant, assisting the distressed, and redeeming the fallen; by attacking and denouncing every vice, public or private; by decrying war and oppression, fleshly lusts, and intemperance in every form, by bearing a strong testimony against all the idols of man, tobacco and intoxicating stimulants, as well as against all gluttony in eating.

He will not expend thousands of dollars in building a church, while the poor within the shadow of its very walls are from want or cold neglect perishing, or are driven to commit the darkest crimes to obtain that which should have been given as a Christian charity, with a Christian's blessing. While the formalist expects to obtain his salvation on credit, and thinks the world is to be redeemed from its selfishness by believing in certain mysterious and absurd creeds; by observing certain external forms and ceremonies; by idling away portions of time, in keeping feast days and fast days, new moons, and Sabbaths.

Take away the formal part of the religion of the modern Pharisee, and there is nothing left. Is it possible that any one can be so blind, as not to perceive the corruption and falling away from the precepts and practical life of Jesus, and the example of the primitive church? Therefore it is plain and evident, that all sects and denominations in the world, who do not live up to this original Pattern are false and counterfeit.

*Remarks.* All true Shakers do live it and practice it.

If thou wilt withdraw thyself from speaking vainly and from gadding idly, as also from hearkening after novelties, thou shalt find leisure enough and suitable for meditation on good things.—*Messenger of Peace.*

[Contributed by Rachel Webb.]

## COL. INGERSOLL ON LABOR.

*He says we are but little above Savages. Cannibalism is in existence worse than among the Heathen.*

In a recent speech on the evils of the times Col. Robert Ingersoll makes the following astounding assertions: In the days of savagery the strong devoured the weak—actually ate their flesh. In spite of all the laws that man has made, in spite of all advance in science, the strong, the cunning, the heartless still live on the weak, the unfortunate and foolish. True, they do not eat their flesh or drink their blood, but they live on their labor, on their self-denial, their weariness and want. The poor man who deforms himself by toil, who labors for wife and child through all his anxious, barren, wasted life—who goes to the grave without ever having had one luxury—has been the food for others. He has been devoured by his fellow men. The poor woman living in the bare and lonely room, cheerless and fireless, sewing night and day to keep starvation from a child, is slowly being eaten by her fellow men. When I take into consideration the agony of civilized life—the number of failures, the poverty, the anxiety, the tears, the withered hopes, the bitter realities, the hunger, the crime, the humiliation, the shame—I am almost forced to say that cannibalism, after all, is the most merciful form in which man has ever lived upon his fellow man.

It is impossible for any man with a good heart to be satisfied with this world as it now is. No one can truly enjoy even what he earns—what he knows to be his own—knowing that millions of his fellow men are in misery and want. When we think of the famished, we feel that it is almost heartless to eat. To meet the ragged and shivering makes one almost ashamed to be well dressed and warm—one feels as though his heart was as cold as their bodies.

In a world filled with millions and millions of acres of land waiting to be tilled, where one man can raise the food for hundreds, yet millions are on the edge of famine. Who can comprehend the stupidity at the bottom of this truth? Is there to be no change?

Are "the law of supply and demand," invention and science, monopoly and competition, capital and legislation, always to be enemies of those who toil? Will the workers always be ignorant enough and stupid enough to give their earnings for the useless? Will they support millions of soldiers to kill the sons of other working men? Will they always build temples for ghosts and phantoms, and live in huts and dens themselves? Will they forever allow parasites with crowns, and vampires with miters, to live upon their blood? Will they remain the slaves of the beggars they support? Will honest men stop taking off their hats to successful fraud? Will industry, in the presence of crowned idleness, forever fall upon its knees, and will the lips unstained by lies forever kiss the robed impostor's hand? Will they understand that beggars cannot be generous, and that every healthy man must earn the right to live? Will they finally say that the man who has had equal privileges with all others has no right to complain, or will they follow the example that has been set by their oppressors? Will they learn that force, to succeed, must have a thought behind it, and that anything done, in order that it may endure must rest upon the corner stone of justice?

#### MANNA, THE HEAVENLY BREAD.

MR. COLE, a missionary of the American Board, in Eastern Turkey, in describing a journey from Harport to Bitlis, says: "We traveled for four days through a region where had newly fallen a remarkable deposit of heavenly Bread, as the natives sometimes call it,—manna. There were extensive forests of scrubby oaks, and most of the deposit was on the leaves. Thousands of the poor peasants, men, women and children, were out upon the plains gathering the sweet substance. Some of them put into kettles of boiling water the newly cut branches of the oaks, which washes off the deposit until the water becomes so sweet as to remind the Yankee of a veritable sugaring off in the old Granite State as he takes sips of it. Other companies of natives may be seen vigorously beat-

ing with sticks, the branches, that, from having been spread on the ground, have so dried that the glistening crystals fall readily upon the carpet spread ready to receive them.

The crystals are separated from the pieces of leaves by a sieve, and then the manna is pressed into cakes for use. The manna is in great demand among these Oriental Christians. As we were traveling through a rather dry region, the article came in play for our plain repasts.—*Scientific American*.

## Juvenile.

### IMPURE STORIES.

THE New York Tribune, under the head of "Talks with Correspondents," prints the following:

THE WHITE CROSS.—For the benefit of W. L., who wears a White Cross badge, and who complains of offensive stories and badinage he is compelled to listen to, we relate the following which occurred in an office, in this city last week: "Among those who occupy this office, consisting of a suite of fine rooms, are two high-toned Christian gentlemen. Some of them have held positions of eminence. To their office came a man who claimed a club acquaintance with one of them, and who, finding two or three of them together in the reception-room, began to tell an offensive story, illustrating it as he went on by reference to a map hanging on the wall, and standing necessarily with his back to the auditors. When he got through his story and turned to receive applause, no one was in the room but the type writer boy, who had been busily at work all the time. The auditors had quietly taken themselves to their respective rooms, and the visitor had nothing to do but take his hat, and retire. That is a good way to listen to a vile story."

### TWELVE GOLDEN RULES.

HOLD integrity sacred.  
Observe good manners.  
Endure trials patiently.

Be prompt in all things.  
 Make good acquaintances.  
 Shun the company of loafers.  
 Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.  
 Watch carefully over your temper.  
 Never be afraid of being laughed at.  
 Fight life's battle manfully, bravely.  
 Use your leisure moments for study.  
 Sacrifice money rather than principle.  
 —Selected.

## ACROSTIC.

*The Savior's words to His disciples. St. John.*  
**H**e that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth me;  
 and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent  
 me. xiii., 20.  
**A**s the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you,  
 continue ye in my love. xv., 9  
**T**his is my commandment, that ye love one another,  
 as I have loved you. xv., 12.  
**T**hese things I command you that ye love one another.  
 xv., 17.  
**I**n my Father's house are many mansions if it were  
 not so, I would have told you, I go to prepare a  
 place for you. xiv., 2.  
**E**ven the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive  
 because it seeth him not neither knoweth  
 him. xiv., 19.  
**P**eace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.  
 xiv., 27.  
**A**nd I will pray the Father and he shall give you another  
 comforter that he may abide with you  
 forever. xiv., 16.  
**L**et not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God  
 believe also in me. xiv., 1.  
**M**y Father hath sent me, even so I send you. xx., 21.  
**A**nd if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come  
 again and receive you unto myself. xiv., 3.  
**R**emember the word that I said unto you, the servant  
 is not greater than his Lord. xv., 20.  
**A** new commandment I give unto you, that ye love  
 one another. xiii., 34.  
**S**anctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth.  
 xvii., 17.  
**H**e that hath my commandments, and keepeth them  
 he it is that loveth me. xiv., 21.  
*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

## JOTTINGS.

If we truly love the Master  
 And his sacred precepts heed;  
 We shall never be forgetful  
 Of an erring brother's need.  
 If we really trust the Savior.  
 That his promises are sure;  
 Then the Christian's daily trial,  
 Patiently we shall endure.—A. E. N.

## ST. PETER AND THE BASKETS.

ST. PETER, from the door of Heaven one day  
 Sped two young angels on their happy way,  
 For the first time to see the world in May—  
 Both bearing baskets.

They were to bring back flowers more fragrant far,  
 Than budding rose and blooming hawthorn are;  
 They were to bring the praise of all the star  
 Back in their baskets.

The angel of thanksgiving, full of glee,  
 Donned a big hamper, half as large as he;  
 But the collector of petitions, see,  
 With a small basket.

When they returned, St. Peter, as before,  
 Sat with his golden keys before the door;  
 But each appeared to be in trouble sore,  
 About his basket.

The angel of petitions bore a sack  
 Cram full, and bound uncouthly on his back;  
 Yet even then it seemed that he did lack  
 Of bag and basket.

The angel of thanksgiving blushed to feel,  
 The empty lightness of his mighty creel.  
 "But three," he muttered, turning on his heel,  
 To hide his basket.

Then spoke St. Peter: "When again you go  
 On a prayer-gathering, you will better know  
 That men's petitions in the world below,  
 Fill a big basket.

But when you gather up your thanks  
 For prayers well answered and forgiven pranks,  
 For health restored and disentangled hanks,  
 Your smallest basket."

—Good Words.

## KIND WORDS.

North Union, Ohio, Jan. 1888.

DEAR BROTHER;—We think THE MAN-  
 IFESTO is better every time. C. Bush.

Pleasant Hill, Ky., Jan. 1888.

THE JAN. MANIFESTO was an exception.  
 It came laden with hope and encourage-  
 ment. All are good, but this was "Excelsi-  
 or." May it long herald the glad tidings of  
 the gospel of peace. Mary Johnston.

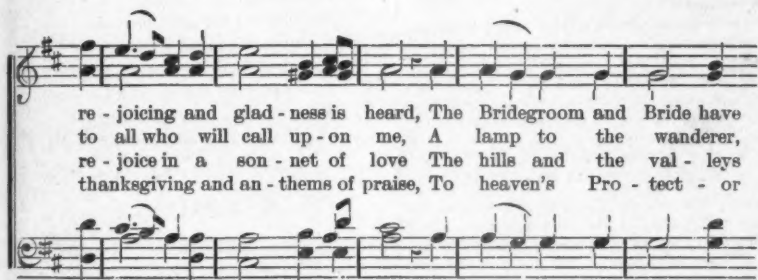
Watervliet, Ohio, Jan. 1888.

DEAR BROTHER;—We love our little mes-  
 senger THE MANIFESTO, and will cheer-  
 fully support it. S. W. Ball.

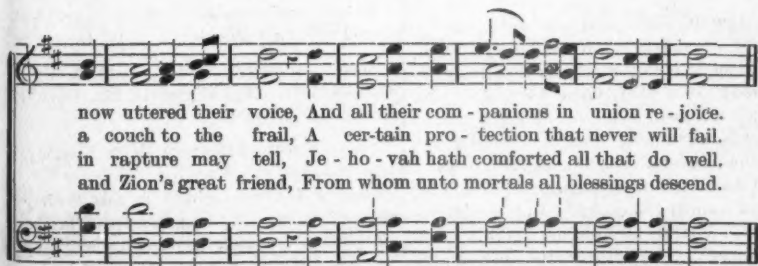
## THE TEMPLE.

*South Union, Ky. 1822.*


1. The Lord hath a - gain in His temple ap - peared, The sound of  
 2. For thus saith the Lord I've re - turned to be A com - fort  
 3. Break forth in - to singing ye heavens a - bove, Ye mountains  
 4. The chil - dren of Israel their voices shall raise In songs of



re - joicing and glad - ness is heard, The Bridegroom and Bride have  
 to all who will call up - on me, A lamp to the wanderer,  
 re - joice in a son - net of love The hills and the val - leys  
 thanksgiving and an - thems of praise, To heaven's Pro - tect - or



now uttered their voice, And all their com - panions in union re - joice.  
 a couch to the frail, A cer - tain pro - tection that never will fail.  
 in rapture may tell, Je - ho - vah hath comforted all that do well,  
 and Zion's great friend, From whom unto mortals all blessings descend.

## Books and Papers.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH. Feb. Contents: Dinah Mulock Craik; Autographs; Notable People of the Day; The Heat Center; Evidences of a Spiritual Body; Human Organizations and Religion; A Guess at a Riddle of the Nineteenth Century; My Quilt a Reverie; Science, Labor, Unity, Conciliation; Some Observations by a Woman in Public Life; Medical Science; Imperfect in Results; Much more than a Centenarian; Child Culture, etc., etc. Fowler & Wells Co. 775 Broadway, N. Y.

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HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. Feb. Contents; William Eglinton; A Buddhist Missionary; The Castor Oil Plant; The Tobacco Habit; Psychometry as a Means of Diagnosis; The Habit of Kissing; Little Things that Kill; A Mathematical Prodigy; Good Rules for Winter; Mind Cure Convention, etc., etc. Office 206 Broadway, N. Y. \$1. per year.

BROTHER White was convinced that "it warn't no use a-flyin', nor a-flecin', from the wrath of heaven," which he charitably assumed to have fallen upon his rival. "For there's the wind, and the whirlwind, and the tornado to overtake," said he. "And there's the thunder a-rollin' and a-clappin' to warn. And there's the rain a-down-fallin', and the rivers a-uprisin' to drown. And there's the lightnin' a-dartin' forrards and a-rekillin' backwards to strike. And there's the hail a-slantin'

and a-slitherin' to smite. And there's earthquakes, and there's seaquakes to swaller up. And there's wild beasts a-ragin' and a-roarin' and a-gnashin' of teeth to devour. And there's all manner of pestiferous creatures a-creepin' over and a-crawlin' under. And there's pits and pitfalls, and traps and trap-falls, and no man maketh a way to escape in that day. And wherefore? Whatever is to be, will be, whether it cometh to pass or doth not attain to it, and when the time for the fulfillment of purpose scomes it will not stay its hand for John Shore, nor ten thousand thousand thousand sich."—*R. P. Journal.*

The Savior's hand is the hand that gathers. He that gathereth not with me, scattereth from me. JESUS.

### BE EARNEST.

Earnestness unto the end  
Is the motto of my life,  
And while I for good contend  
I'll be earnest in the strife;  
Age shall have the zeal of youth,  
Crowned with wisdom and her care,  
More profoundly in the truth,  
While no virtue shall be rare. M. W.

## Deaths.

Ruth Brown, at Union Village, Ohio, Dec. 23, 1887. Age 87 yrs. 3 days. (see page 58.)

Jeney Rankin, at South Union, Ky., Jan. 12, 1888. Age 80 yrs. 3 mo. and 12 days.

She was seven months old when her parents united with the Believers. H. L. E.

Marcus Gregory, at Pleasant Hill, Ky., Jan. 24, 1888. Age 87 yrs. 11 mo. and 26 days. (see page, 59.)

Simon Mabec, at Hancock, Mass., Jan. 31, 1888. Age 91 yrs. 9 mo.

Brother Simon had lived in this Society about 82 years. A long life spent in the vineyard of the Lord, laboring to build up Truth and Righteousness. I. R. L.



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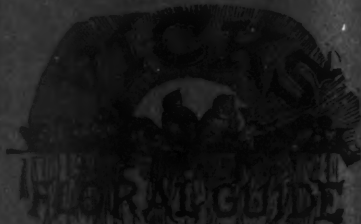
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